

By Tomorrow by Esmeray12

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Steve Harrington, Harringrove, Implied/Referenced Abuse, M/M, Oneshot, Out of Character, Post-Snow Ball (Stranger Things), Stranger Things oneshot

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-23

Updated: 2018-07-23

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:15:06

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,082

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve and Billy are playing the "What's in My Mouth?" challenge when Steve takes it a tiny bit far in the best way possible. But this is the 1980s, so the challenge is instead a game Steve invented rather than a trend.

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Author's Note:

Hi! I'd just like to say this is my first attempt at writing some Steve and Billy. It might be a bit sloppy and "out of character", but I see all of these AMAZING fics where the authors shamelessly write their stories despite the actual canon stuff in the show so I decided I could do it, too, haha.

I might possibly write a short about the day mentioned where the two made a connection if I have time. Either way, thanks so much for reading! :)

It was the cold months of the new year. Powdered snow fell to the ground until it was blown away by the bitter winds of Hawkins. It was one of those nights where it clumped together and stuck on the ground. By tomorrow, the roads will be wet and covered with patches of ice. *By tomorrow, Steve will be worrying about the durability of Billy's car in its first winter season, more like.* Now that had become a bit of a surprise- Steve worrying about the kid who pounded his face into putty. Although, there had been lots of surprises in the months following the incident. For example, the fact that *Billy* avoided *Steve* from then on. The brunette suspected Max had something to do with it, but she claimed she hadn't really done anything since the night she tranquilized him. That's how curiosity took hold of the cat. Billy stopped messing with him during practice and even fled from eye contact whenever he could which later became always because Steve's eyes struggled to focus on anything else at school. Billy shrunk to a silent shell in the locker room where he once strutted around with pride. Now he spent as little time as possible there. Surprise two was the parties, or Steve should say, bruises. Billy still seemed like Billy when he was unaware of certain audience members. He still drank the same liquor and acted the same reckless way that was encouraged by those who were befriended with the "new" king. He still dressed in the same clothes, flashy and tight on his bulky body. Steve had noticed the blue and black contusions littered across Billy's chest a couple of weeks into his obsession at a New Year's party when Billy wore a shirt with the buttons opened. It was

naturally assumable that Billy had gotten into a fight with some other kid, but that didn't sit right with Steve after he saw him over and over. Every party, every time his shirt was revealing, every outfit change in the locker room...bruises from someone's hands were all over Billy's body and Steve started to speculate. Steve also was called a fag by his few teammates who noticed the locker room staring. Then Steve started to speculate his sexuality, too. That was another surprise.

Billy had become as mind boggling as a red laser was to a cat. This terrified the kids Steve often hung around nowadays and it terrified him, because why? Was it because Billy's demeanor changed from hostile to obvious evading so suddenly? Was it because the light he saw Billy in had been shed onto him differently since he suspected the fires of abuse Billy burned everyone with was fueled by a similar type of abuse, too? Steve was going to have to get burned again if he wanted to answer at least one of the many questions that ran through his head. So, he started smiling at Billy when they passed each other through the halls and laughed at his snarky phrases when he overheard them in class. He even tried to compliment the car when he passed by as Billy was climbing in. Anything to make conversation. Anything to show the other troubled teen that he was over everything and willing to make amends. Billy's eyes were like blue glaciers. They just stared coldly at Steve despite having such anger boiling under his creamy skin. Why did Steve try, though? Known to many others except for himself, Steve was a good guy. His ears heard unsaid cries of help. His eyes saw past the mask someone could put on their face. But Steve was lonely, too, and just wanted to find someone to warm him up in these frigid months. Billy had somehow become the next best candidate. That was the only thing that made sense to Steve due to the strange investigation of Billy that he subconsciously assigned himself at the beginning of the year.

There was such a captivating pull to the handsome blonde he thought it had to be a connection. It hadn't been made until late January when Steve's consistent trying gave him enough courage to go to Billy's house to confront him at place he couldn't run away from. That day had been messy and tense, but by the end of it, Steve was shocked to see a side of Billy he hadn't seen before. Shocked to find such a best friend in his old enemy. Shocked to see the two draw

closer to each other like magnets. Shocked to find so many answers to his questions. It was March now and one question still haunted Steve's mind, though. Was he bisexual? So many other queries came with that. Had he been looking for more than someone to just mend his broken heart left by Nancy when he found Billy? Did he want Billy to like his heart for what it was just like Steve liked his? What did Steve honestly want? That was something he was trying to figure out as of right now while on his living room floor next to the crackling fireplace while he played some game he invented for when he was bored.

Billy and Steve often spent time together out of school. They were a majority of the school's gossip because how did the rivals become such best friends in a reasonably short time? Well, that was their own secret. And so would this night be if it carried out well. The game they were currently playing involved one being blindfolded while the other put anything they wanted in the blindfolded's mouth. The blinded player would then have to guess correctly what had been placed on their tongue in order to score a point. But tonight Steve's parents were gone, so they had to the freedom to mess with each other rather than play. Billy had sprayed whipped cream straight from the can into Steve's throat until he choked. The pair had busted a gut laughing at that kind of shit. Now it was Billy's turn to be blinded and tortured. Steve had chosen a nearly empty jar of pickles, because they were one of Billy's most disliked foods. He hadn't even cracked the lid yet and it had been already an uncomfortably long time of silence in the grand house. He was examining the blonde boy sitting criss-crossed in front of him. Billy's curly hair was tousled from his long day and his lips were parted in anticipation of what was about to come. They were plump and pink and *so kissable*. His face was heavenly to Steve, especially when he tilted his head in laughter or when he gave a smirk whenever they caught each other's eyes at school. Shadows from the flames danced across his face like silents omens of dangerous beauty. Steve wanted to kiss him. He wanted to kiss over every mark across Billy's chest until each reason behind their causes were changed.

He wanted so many more years and moments like this with Billy. He wanted to be able to touch him and talk to him, because Billy understood him more than anyone else. Billy knew how Steve felt

just by looking into his eyes. Billy was the beacon of light when Steve's world had never been darker. Steve wanted Billy to know this, but he wasn't good at expressing himself unless it was verbal and he didn't think he had the guts to say it this time. There was something about that Hargrove boy that made it hard for Steve to do anything functional, really.

Maybe it would be easier to tell Billy now in his own special way when he was blindfolded. Those piercing eyes couldn't freeze him in place nor could Billy have the chance to give a smile that always convinced Steve that the signals he had been reading weren't flirting. Maybe Billy's constant touching when they joked around or phrases with double meanings meant nothing. Or maybe they did mean something and Steve finally had the chance to make more of it. Steve was going to get burned so badly if he did this even though he's wanted to for a while now. "Did you leave?" Billy half-shouted with the cloth still around his head which was now swiveling in all directions.

"No, I'm still here," Steve said with a slight fearful tone, "still deciding what to torture you with."

"Well, hurry up." Billy snorted while leaning back on his palms. The brunette reached for the jar frantically, but stopped last second. Billy was waiting impatiently, tongue slowly licking his bottom lip as he did. He was so different once someone got to know him. He was a rare person you'd be lucky to have as a friend. Yes, he had his moments where he didn't behave the best, but Steve thought he knew why. Billy was just a broken boy who adopted the tough guy act to hide it. To hide the fact that he was just as vulnerable and hurt like anybody else. Maybe to hide it from his father. How could someone ever love the hard shell of Billy rather than the soft insides? How could someone abuse Billy? The real Billy? Or use him as trademarks for parties or fall in love with the idea of him? And oh, fuck, Steve was bisexual. It didn't matter to him now. What mattered was using his moment to show that Billy meant a lot to him. What mattered was Billy. Steve hesitantly leaned forward with his eyes fixated on his friend's lips. Billy hadn't heard him, but he felt a hand plant on the rug next to him. This made Billy chuckle anxiously. He trusted Steve- the grin tugging at the corner of his mouth said so. A

wavy strand had fallen in Billy's face and Steve couldn't help but brush it away as if they were in some romantic movie. Billy's eyebrows knitted together at this and he leaned inward at his friend with the thought that food was still going in his mouth. Steve wanted to rip the cloth off, but he was scared that would make the other back away. Steve's hand lingered on Billy's cheek while the other laid flat. Before anything could be said, Steve pressed his lips against Billy's. The blonde didn't react. Which he wasn't sure was a good or bad thing. The kiss was tender and probably slower than it needed to be. Steve was the first to break away despite how badly he wanted to keep feeling those addictive lips. His pulse was beating in his ears. Billy forced a laugh as his nervous smile crept across his face. Steve hadn't stopped hovering anyway. "What the fuck, Harrington?" Billy sounded hesitant.

Steve panicked. Maybe Billy really was straight. Maybe Steve just ruined everything rather than improve it. This wasn't going to burn him. This was going to set him on fire until he was nothing but ash. Steve tried to fake a laugh, but his voice quivered as he did. *It was a joke.* That would be his excuse and hoped it would prevent Billy from beating him up again. "What was that?" Steve attempted to tease. The slightest genuine grin surfaced from Billy for a split second.

"I don't know," Billy's tone matched his friend's as he said, "maybe you should try it again?"

Steve halted for a moment. His friend's face had gone pale and he was trembling. Steve knew in the start Billy avoided Steve in order to avoid trouble, mostly with his father. Had trouble meant homosexuality? Steve closed the space between them again with a more forceful kiss. Billy responded to it eagerly this time. It was soft and soothing like the snowflakes fluttering their way to the ground. Steve's hand touched his friend's chest only to feel his heart practically trying to bust out. He pulled away again.

"Are you okay?" Steve murmured worriedly. His hand clutched the front of the teen's shirt.

"I'm perfect," Billy replied swiftly, "this is perfect."

Steve finally removed the blindfold to see a pair of bright blue eyes beaming with awe. There was so much to be said and so much to do.

There was so much fear yet exhilaration. There was so much to be shared. There was so much future for them. They fell to the floor kissing passionately. By tomorrow, they would be lovers.